

A CONGRATULATORY POEM

On the R Honourable

S^r. ORLANDO BRIDGMAN

Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of *England*.

My Lord,

TO You, as fast as verses feet can move
A Country Muse conveys the Country's love,
And though her Laureats Courtly sisters bring
From their rich Stones a noble offering,
Yet (sith the minde most makes the Sacrifice)
Your goodness will not meaner gifts despise.
She joyes the *Keeper*, but more joyes the Scale
Lodg'd to th'advantage of the publiques Weale,
And the disposer too, whose prudent Choice
Is herein echo'd by the vulgar voice;
You are the happy Center, that unite
In one the Patriot, and the Favourite.
Rare Harmony! the musick of the Spheres
Too seldom thus accords with vulgar Ears.
T'were easy to reflect, but that such wayes,
Are the low Topicks of a narrow praise,
Whence let your predecessors rest for me
His Libell here would your detraction be,
True Diamonds are by their own sparks declar'd,
And they're dull stones which shine not but compar'd,
Nor do you seek or need it, single Merit
Wonne you the Honour, let that highly wear it.
Mean while, we must our selves twice happy rate
Since peace and you, together blest the State;
Our fears i'th Wane, our joyes are in the Increase
Whiles we have such a Keeper to our peace,
And (but that Faction did the Terme devise)
Wee'd adde too *Keeper*, of our *Liberties*.
Were all your own Rolles search't, scarce should we finde,
That noble Seat fill'd with so fit a minde.
So brave a Minde, as balenesse ne'r allayes,
So great a Minde, as greatnesse cannot raise,
So just a Minde, as interest can't seduce,
So wise a Minde, as colours can't abuse
So large a Minde, as largest Trusts do crave.
So calme a Minde, as Equity should have.
High Courtships construed in the present sense
Lawes Oracle without perplexed sense.
A sober piety in a Virtuoso
And an *Orlando* without *Furiolo*.
Whose judgement doth with legall measures side
Yet moderate, where men differ, not divide.
That temper now must blest us, we're undone
T'wixt two extreames, all Liberty and none.
You have the happy mean, neither propense
To scalding Zeal, nor cold Indifference.
The Churches patronage, you do inherit,
Both by a Claim of Birth-right, and of merit
The Reverend prelate long since gone to rest
In after Annals shall be daily blest,

As Bishop first, and next as parent too
A Father both unto the Church and you.
Yea twice the Churches Father, whiles his care
Thereof descends on you, though not his Chayre.
Rome slander not our married Clergy, none
Of thy Popes Nephews matcht a Bishops sonne:
Must up all the Tribe, and weel outvy'em:
Although we have forgot how they came by'em.
Yea those who cryd down Prelates branch and root
May now repent each moyette of their Vote
Sith howe'er the root displeas'd they see
A Bishops branch may make a noble Tree.
And if such blossomes *Aarons* rod will bare
T'would reconcile the Classis to the Chaire.
Nor is the law less honor'd, whiles it sees
Its Rigours softned, by your decrees:
For whiles no point thereof escapes your Eye
Its Guordian knots you cut not, but untye.
So doth the learned Churchman, in perplex
Scriptures, untavell, not tear up the Text:
Our laws the highest reason, 'tis confest,
Sith now tis lodged in your learned Breast.
Your Court a Court, your Conscience in you,
Advanced by you to their ancient fame
Chancery suites shall loose their *Evill* name.
Nor shall the Client drain'd by Bills and Motions,
With a new (*Libera*) charge his devotions.
Nor shall the title burth'nd with decrees,
Undoe the Heir, and spend his Fee in fees:
Or force him whiles he find's a suit in Taile,
To sell to his Lawyer, to make good his Sale.
But hold! methinks I hear with what content,
Your learned lips harangue the Parliament,
So that whil's you Care's the learned throng,
Never King spake, by a more welcome tongue:
Spare us good Sir, with moderation crave,
Or w're undone, t'will be but ask and have.
Yea spare your worthyes Sir, lest Sans debate.
They give assent, and votes precipitate.
Whiles storm'd by your Rhetorick, they dispense
With their own orders, and Enact the sense:
Enough my muse, pack up now and away,
To wait on's Lordship on next sealing day.
If askt thy business, tell, but ere he know it,
Get him to seal a pardon for his poet.
Then beg a grant, that though his name be Latent,
He may have leave to make his Letters Patent.

Licensed according to Order.

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